

# JACK JINGLING IN JUNGLELAND



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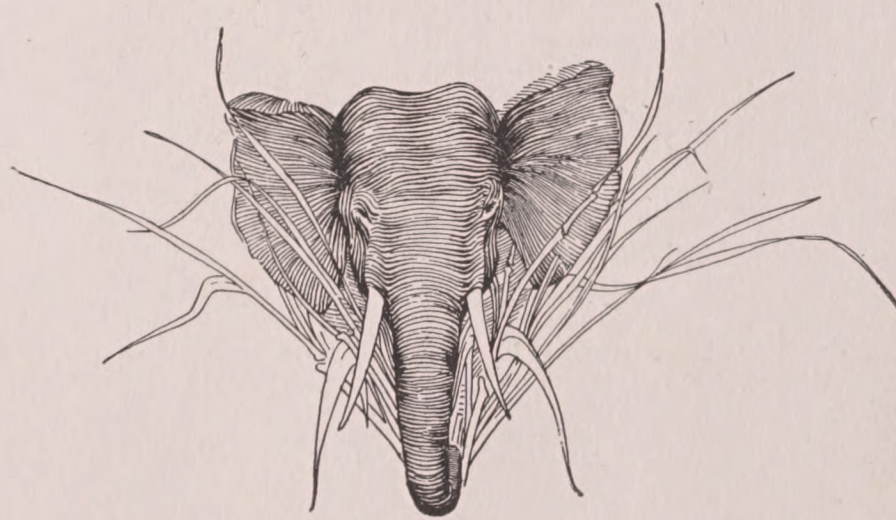




# JACK JINGLING IN JUNGLELAND

*By*

E. HUGH SHERWOOD



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## THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Illustrations</i> . . . . .	8
THE COMING OF THE CIRCUS . . . . .	11
JUNGLELAND . . . . .	16
COLLECTING A MENAGERIE . . . . .	24
THREE EXCITING CAPTURES . . . . .	30
FLEET-FOOTED FOLLOWERS . . . . .	42
THE RHINOCEROS . . . . .	49
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS . . . . .	56
AN ELEPHANT HUNT . . . . .	64
THE MENAGERIE AT HOME . . . . .	73



## THE ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>"But mind, you must not drive her off a walk"</i> . . . . .	13
<i>It rubbed its velvety nose against his cheek</i> . . . . .	17
<i>Through strange lands and past queer little villages they sped</i> . . . . .	19
<i>Mr. Rich brought out his lantern and made a closer examination. "Where'd ye get the beast?" he asked again</i> . . . . .	21
<i>He ran and dodged until the marshal was quite out of breath</i> . . . . .	22
<i>He dropped to his knees, making signs of friendship</i> . . . . .	27
<i>When they saw the lion, the natives were terrified. They fled to their grass huts and barricaded the doors</i> . . . . .	28
<i>Jack drew his bow and let fly one of the heart-shaped arrows</i> . . . . .	31
<i>Once when he awoke, Jack saw two great eyes staring out of the darkness</i> . . . .	35
<i>Half a mile distant he was shown a small black object</i> . . . . .	37
<i>The angry beast began slashing and ripping away at the tree</i> . . . . .	38
<i>The gnu dropped to its knees, and with horns upturned, reared upward</i> . . . .	43
<i>Two gazelles in the near-by brush leaped out just ahead of him, and Zebie dashed in pursuit</i> . . . . .	45
<i>As Jack slipped from Zebie's back he let fly an arrow</i> . . . . .	47
<i>Jack saw the rhino standing in the open plain near some scattered trees</i> . . . .	51
<i>The rhino led the way into a piece of low, marshy ground surrounding a pool</i> . .	53

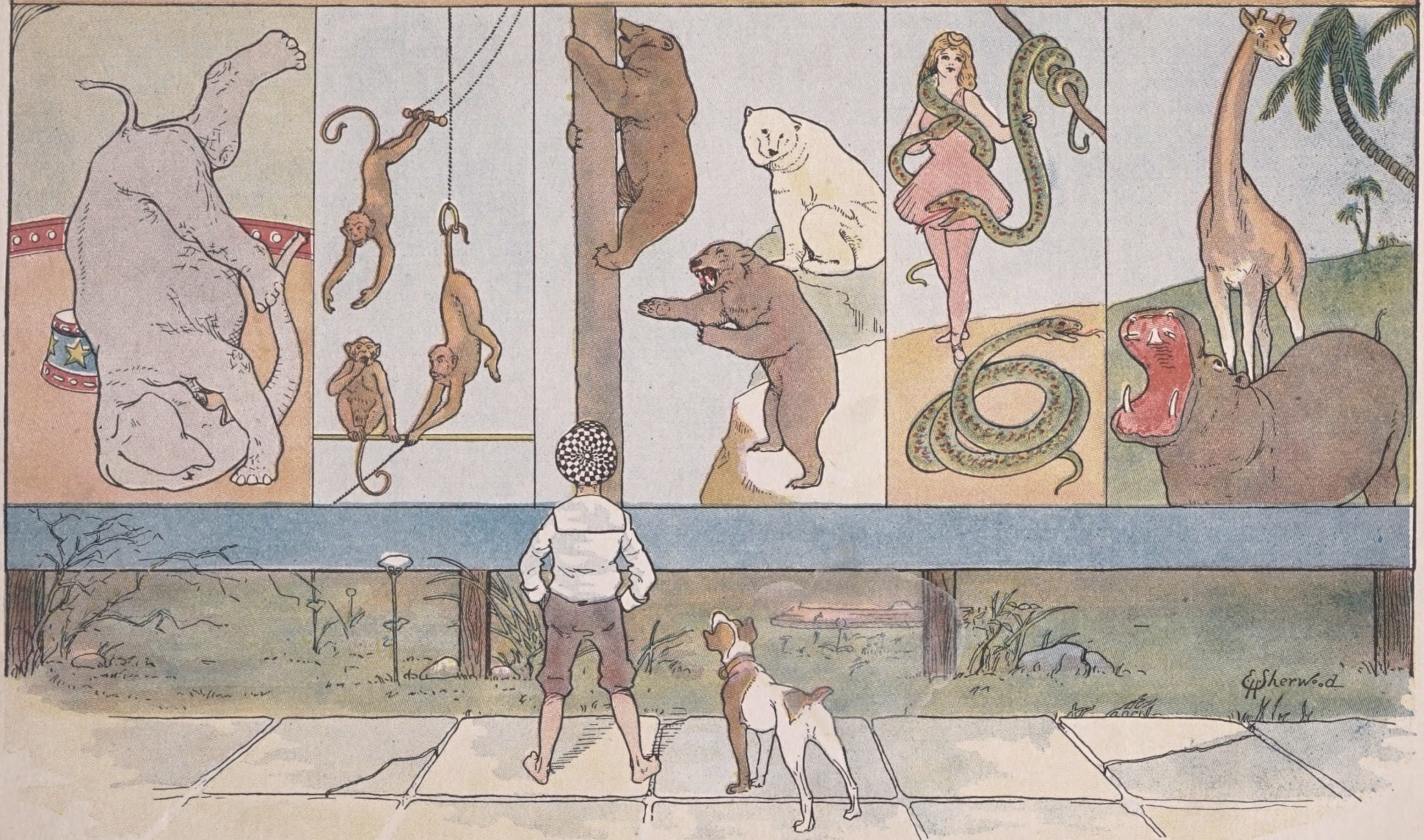


## THE ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

	PAGE
<i>After looking at his tormentors a moment, the rhinoceros charged them once more</i>	54
<i>It was a strange procession that wound through the forest . . . . .</i>	57
<i>As Jack shot his magic dart the python lashed out at him with open jaws . . . .</i>	59
<i>The hippopotamuses gamboled about in an awkward yet most amusing manner</i>	62
<i>Great footprints showed that the hunters had crossed the trail of a herd of elephants</i>	65
<i>Jack rushed up on Zebie and planted an arrow in the elephant's side . . . . .</i>	67
<i>Across the area, Jack saw the elephants—his elephants! . . . . .</i>	69
<i>Jack met his enemy face to face . . . . .</i>	71
<i>“But they are my animals and I won't let them hurt anybody” . . . . .</i>	75
<i>“We'll get together the finest circus that ever was—Jack Jingling's Mammoth Menagerie” . . . . .</i>	79



# GINGLING BROS GREAT SHOWS





# JACK JINGLING IN JUNGLELAND

## THE COMING OF THE CIRCUS

A CIRCUS was coming to town. The billboards had pictured its wonders for a week, and every day of the whole seven little Jack Jingling had stood spellbound before its marvels. Jack was a great lover of animals, so he looked longest at the menagerie pictures. There were bears from every bear country, some snow white, some black, and some brown; huge elephants going through seemingly impossible contortions; queer, funny-faced monkeys on a trapeze doing aërial feats which were astonishingly like the performances of their larger brothers, the human acrobats. There were birds, and alligators, and writhing

snakes, and countless other animals of which Jack had never even heard.

But one day, after Jack had spent two absorbing hours gazing at the billboard sights, he suddenly began to wonder how he was going to see this marvelous circus. He had no money. His parents were poor, and could not afford to buy tickets for him and his brothers and sisters, who would certainly wish to go if he went. The only thing to do was to earn the money himself.

Having made up his mind, he started out at once to look for work. But the people of the village where Jack lived



were industrious and thrifty; they didn't leave any odd jobs around for a boy to do. First to one place and then to another Jack went, until there was just one more place to go. That was to Mr. Rich's. Mr. Rich was the wealthiest man in the village, but he had such a crusty temper, and such an abrupt manner, that it was with no small fear that our little Jack approached his fine residence, with its trim lawns and gravel walks.

Mrs. Rich herself opened the door. She was a very stout, ruddy-faced lady.

"Is Mr. Rich at home?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Rich? Mr. Rich is out at the barn," said Mrs. Rich. "You go right on out there, but don't let the chickens out, and be sure to close the gate."

Mr. Rich looked Jack over carefully when he asked for work. "What do you intend to do with the money if I give you work?" he asked.

"I want to go to the circus," replied Jack.

"So it's preferred stock in a circus, hey? Nonsense! And a waste of money," quoth Mr. Rich. "But I am looking for a boy to drive my cow to pasture each morning and bring her home in the evening; and I will pay a good boy fifty cents a month. But mind, you must not drive her off a walk. This running cows ruins their milk."

"I'd be careful," Jack promised.

"Well then, come to-morrow morning."

Jack was delighted. He dreamed of the circus constantly. Not a day passed that he did not go and review the billboards, and as the eventful week drew near he counted the very hours. The time passed none too quickly; but at last the great day arrived. Jack was up bright and early and down at the grounds watching the huge gilded wagons as they



were unloaded from the cars, and the beautiful, intelligent horses pulling them with the greatest ease. What wonderful strength they seemed to have!

But never a glimpse of the wild animals did he have, for their wagons were tightly closed.

After seeing the great tent put up, Jack began to think of his ticket. The time had come to collect his fifty cents, and he decided to go to Mr. Rich and ask for it.

Mr. Rich scratched his nose and began figuring to himself. At last he told Jack to follow him. He led the way to the barn and pointed to a date marked on one of the granary doors. "Young man," he said, "your month is not up for four days; your money is not due. Come in four days and your money will be ready."

Jack explained about the circus, but Mr. Rich was obstinate. "Business is business," he said shortly.



*"But mind, you must not drive her off a walk"*





Poor little Jack! All his hope of seeing the circus swept away by just a few words! Slowly he trudged to the field behind his house, and flinging himself on the grass, he wept as if his heart would break. With such a disappointment life was not worth living!

In the midst of his sobs some one touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Come, come, little man, why this grief?"

Jack turned his head, and glancing up, looked into the most wondrous face he had ever seen. There stood a lady with bright, sparkling eyes, a smiling mouth, and long, flowing golden hair.

"Are you a performer from the circus?" asked the astonished Jack, his eyes staring unbelievably.

"Bless you, no! I'm a fairy," said the little lady, with a merry laugh.

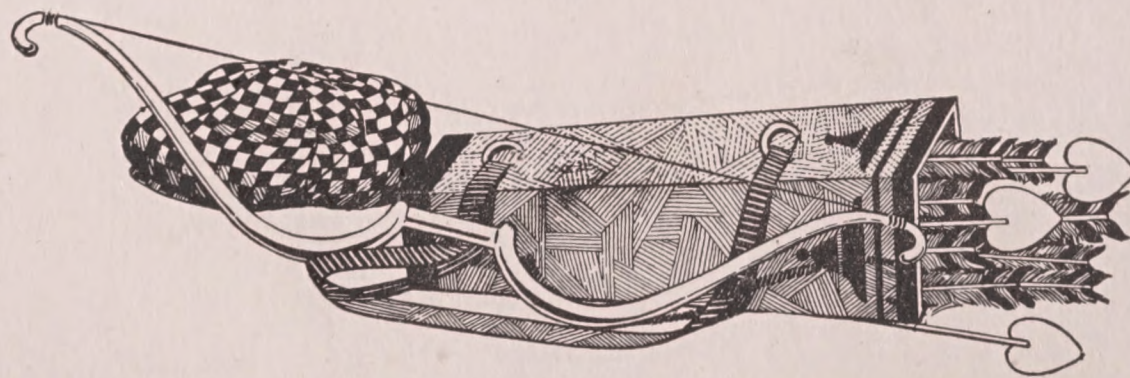
"A fairy! A real fairy?" asked Jack in an awed whisper.



"A real fairy," she answered. Her eyes were twinkling, but she seemed so kind and sympathetic Jack soon found himself telling her all about his disappointment; how much he loved animals, and how he wished to see the circus menagerie.

"Don't feel bad over such *trifling* things, my little man," said the fairy. "At best, the things you see to-day can be but memories to-morrow. But here," she added, "is something that will give you pleasure always."

She handed him a small bow and a quiver of queer little arrows. Instead of darts or barbs, on the tip of each arrow was a small red heart. "This little heart," the fairy explained, "will remain in any animal it touches, and make it your obedient servant, subject to your every command. Come, close your eyes tight," she added, smiling and waving her wand, "and we shall very soon see just how it works."





## JUNGLELAND

WHEN Jack opened his eyes again, he found himself in a wide, rolling plain covered with short, thick grass. At his feet wild sweet peas were blossoming; near by were some small bushes with flowers like morning-glories, but as far as Jack could see there was not a house, and only here and there a thorny tree.

“Where—where am I?” Jack gasped.

“In Africa, in Jungleland,” replied the fairy. “Look,” she commanded, and following the direction of her wand, Jack saw a herd of zebras—little beauties with black and white stripes, and such nimble looking legs, and sturdy bodies!

At a nod from the fairy he started toward them—and then followed a wonderful few moments for Jack!

Nearer and nearer he went, scarcely breathing for fear of frightening the alert little creatures; yet they did not seem very shy. He carefully peeped through an opening in the bushes. How near he was to them! But now they began moving away slowly, and Jack raised his bow, with the arrow carefully placed, drew back the string, took careful aim, and released the arrow with a twang.

The zebras were off like a flash! “Qua-ha-ha, qua-ha-ha,” they barked, and their shrill voices sounded to Jack for all the world like those of a pack of dogs. Jack could not understand. He was so sure of his aim, and he had been so near!

The fairy came to him. “Let us follow them,” she said. “You may have shot



true, but you gave no command, so the branded zebra ran away with the others."

As they reached the crest of a little hill, there was the herd again, and sure enough, on the side of one of the zebras was a vivid red heart.

"Call to it," said the fairy.

"Come, it's I, Jack," he cried. Yet he could hardly believe his eyes when the zebra quietly left the herd and walked toward them. Coming close to him, it rubbed its velvety nose against

his cheek and seemed to be as glad to see him as if he were an old friend.

"Now I must leave you," said the fairy. "Zebie will take you wherever you command, and you may collect a menagerie of your own. Always remember to be kind to the animals, and you will have no trouble."

Jack's heart was filled with joy, but as he

turned to thank the fairy and tell her how happy she had made him, she was gone!

Then Jack turned to his zebra and



*It rubbed its velvety nose against his cheek*



tried to mount it, but jump as he might, he could not gain its back! At last he remembered the fairy's words. "Kneel," he commanded, and the zebra knelt until Jack was seated.

What a sensation his capture would make at home, thought Jack. How the other children would look with unbelief and wonder! But which way was he to start to get home? He didn't even know east from west or north from south. He was much troubled. But perhaps Zebie would know. So he patted the zebra on the back and cried, "Take me home, Zebie, take me home!"

At once Zebie was away with a bound. Such speed! And how the air whistled by! And the joy of it all! He could feel the muscles of the little animal as they plied beneath him. Zebie seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Through strange lands, past queer little villages,

over steep mountains they sped, and at last came to the shore of the great ocean. Then, as they reached its very brink, with a mighty spring they were in the air, soaring over the blue-green depths to the far distant shore.

The landscape now began to look more familiar, and at last Jack recognized places and knew he was approaching home. In another instant his own village came into view, and just at dusk he dismounted at his own back gate. Turning Zebie loose on the common, and bidding him not to go beyond call, Jack ran to get him some water. But as the zebra had never drunk from a bucket, at first he did not understand what to do. After tasting gingerly, however, he drank three bucketsful, and then began to eat grass ravenously.

Jack hurried indoors. "Where in the world have you been?" asked his mother.





*Through strange lands and past queer little villages they sped*



"It's late, and you haven't driven home Mr. Rich's cow. Hurry along, or he'll be cross."

So Jack went out again, mounted Zebie, and in a twinkling was at the pasture and had Mr. Rich's cow ambling along toward home. Mr. Rich was leaning on the gate, anxiously watching, and scarcely waited until Jack came within hearing before he began to scold him. But when Jack was close enough so Mr. Rich could see his strange mount, the crabbed old man stood speechless with surprise. He stared at the two for a long time.

"Where did you get that painted pony?" he gasped at last.

"It isn't painted," answered Jack, looking at Zebie proudly. "Those stripes are natural. This animal is a zebra and those stripes are his own."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Mr. Rich. "There isn't any sech animal." Going

into the barn, he brought out his lantern and made a closer examination. The stripes were natural, to be sure, but he "never before had laid eyes on sech a critter in all his born days."

"Where'd ye get the beast?" he asked again.

"In Jungleland," answered Jack. "By the help of a good fairy." But this brought only a grunt of contempt from Mr. Rich.

"Jungleland! Hm! Where's Jungleland?" he muttered, and shaking his head went off to the house.

When Jack reached home he turned Zebie out to pasture, and hid his bow and arrows under the woodshed. Then he went in to his supper. This time he was severely scolded for being so late; but he didn't mind a scolding to-night. The day had held such wonders no ordinary occurrence was worth noticing.





*Mr. Rich brought out his lantern and made a closer examination. "Where'd ye get the beast?" he asked again*

He could scarcely wait to tell his brothers and sisters of his marvelous adventure; and after he had told them he couldn't understand why they looked at him so strangely until his father said it was wrong for little boys to tell stories. They didn't believe him! Nobody seemed to believe he had been in Jungleland! That was why they looked at him so queerly.

"Well," he said, "wait until morning, and I will show you Zebie."

Little Jack did not sleep much that night. His mind was so overflowing with the happenings of the day, and with plans for the morrow, sleep would not come. He was up at dawn—but not before his sisters and brothers, who were curious enough, now, about what Jack had told them.





*He ran and dodged until the marshal was quite out of breath*

Out they all rushed to the common. There a number of the villagers were already standing about, talking excitedly. In their midst stood Zebie, quietly eating grass.

“It’s one of the animals from the

circus,” a neighbor was saying. “They must have left it when they went out of town last night.” Everybody seemed to think this a plausible reason for its being there, and when Jack said it was his zebra, they all scoffed. They sent for the village



marshal to take charge of the animal until the circus people could come for it.

Poor little Jack began to feel rather anxious when the marshal approached with a rope to lead Zebie away. But Zebie was not to be taken so easily. He ran and dodged until the marshal was quite out of breath and equally out of temper. All the villagers who had gathered around were now running after him, but he could not be caught. Jack was greatly amused to see how easily he baffled them, and after watching the chase a few moments, went


to his breakfast, sure his new pet was safe.

After breakfast he got his bow and arrows and returned to the common. By this time the mayor and half the people of the village were running frantically around the field, puffing and angry, after poor little Zebie.

Jack called to him, and even amid all the shouting he heard Jack's voice and came toward him. He knelt a moment for Jack to mount, and, presto! they were galloping off, leaving the villagers looking after them with mouths agape in wonder.





A black and white illustration of a boy climbing a palm tree with a bow and arrow, a dog on a leash, and a lion in a savanna setting.

## COLLECTING A MENAGERIE

JACK'S ambition was to collect a menagerie, but as he did not know the haunts of the wild animals, he decided again to trust to Zebie's guidance. "Take me to Jungleland, to the dwelling place of lions and elephants," he cried. But as they sped along, Jack began wondering what might happen if he were to meet a lion face to face, and should shoot, and his arrow and heart should fail him. He decided to ask the natives of the country what was the safest way to approach lions and other dangerous animals.



On they galloped. The trees began to look strange. There were kinds Jack had never seen before, and in the distance queer little grass huts could be seen. As he drew closer, he could make out strange, half-naked black men moving around, and he began thinking of cannibals, and of his danger if captured. But as he gripped his magic bow he was reassured, and when Zebie finally approached a little village he rode bravely up to the largest and most pretentious of the low grass houses.

In front of the hut sat a grizzled old colored man, with but very little clothing, the most noticeable part of what he had on being a silk hat which rested jauntily on his kinky topknot—all that was left to tell the story of some poor missionary or traveler who never returned to his native land. At Jack's appearance the old savage raised a long spear, but Jack took no chances as to his intentions, whether friendly or other-

wise. A quick, careful aim, and an arrow went singing straight toward the black man. At once the crimson brand appeared upon his breast, and he dropped to his knees, making signs of friendship. Then he noticed the red heart on his breast and tried to remove it. It puzzled him at first to find it would not come off, but the more he looked at it the more he liked it, and finally he laughed and turned to Jack, very proud of his new decoration.

By this time the natives had come crowding about them, looking at Jack in astonishment and talking to each other in great excitement. Strangely enough, although they spoke in their own language, Jack understood them perfectly.

Then Jack asked the king—for such the old man proved to be—the ways of hunting lions, and said he wished to capture a few.

“If my master intends hunting alone,” answered the old king, “the safest way



would be to take a young goat or kid, tie it to a tree, then climb the tree and wait for the cries of the kid to attract the game. When the animal approaches it can be fired upon with safety. I myself have a goat which my master shall use. If my master will deign to remain as my guest for the evening meal, later we may hunt the lion."

After a meal of meat and rice, a kid was brought, and the natives started out with Jack to a wooded hill near by. After the kid was tied to the tree and Jack was perched securely in the top, he sent the natives back to their village, so there need be no unnecessary risk. His wait was short. As the bleating of the goat continued, he heard stealthy sounds, growing plainer as his prey crept closer. At first the noises were so faint Jack seemed to feel them instinctively rather than hear them. Then there was the unmistakable snapping of a

twig and the slight rustle of foliage as the beast came through.

Jack's heart seemed almost to stop beating as he strained his eyes in the direction from which the animal seemed to be coming. He thought he could see a patch of yellow moving against the green. Then a pair of glaring eyes appeared, with a patch of red beneath, out of which shone great, white, hungry-looking teeth.

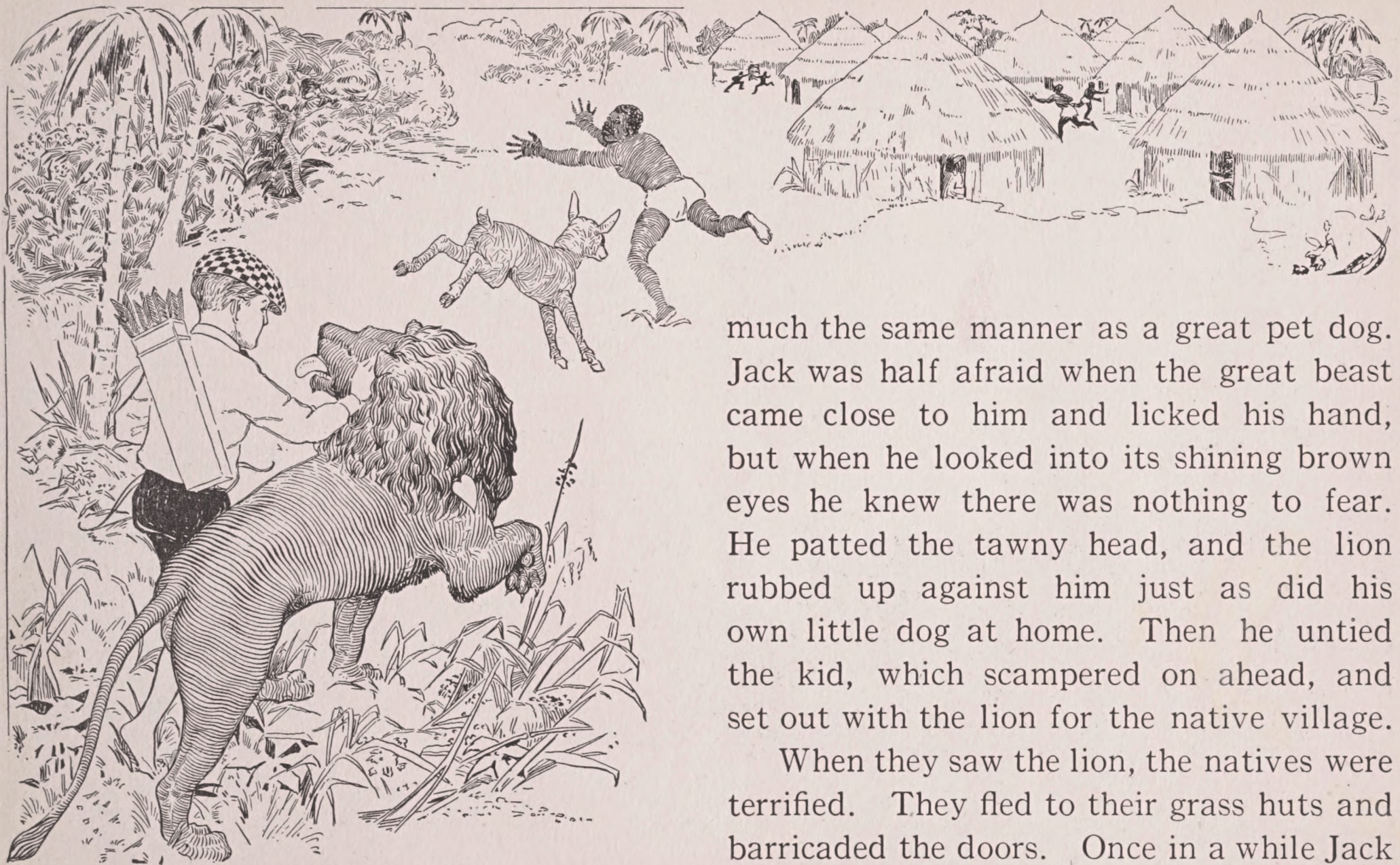
The goat at the bottom of the tree sensed its danger, and made a frantic effort to free itself. The beast made a stealthy rush forward, then crouched to spring, and Jack thought for a second that it was all over for the poor little goat. But this pause was his chance, and he shot his arrow. The crimson heart blazed out on the lion's shoulder, and as it grew bigger and bigger the ferocious beast seemed to be transformed. He was no longer a slinking man-killer: he walked out in the open with





*He dropped to his knees, making signs of friendship*





*When they saw the lion, the natives were terrified. They fled to their grass huts and barricaded the doors*

much the same manner as a great pet dog. Jack was half afraid when the great beast came close to him and licked his hand, but when he looked into its shining brown eyes he knew there was nothing to fear. He patted the tawny head, and the lion rubbed up against him just as did his own little dog at home. Then he untied the kid, which scampered on ahead, and set out with the lion for the native village.

When they saw the lion, the natives were terrified. They fled to their grass huts and barricaded the doors. Once in a while Jack could see one peeping out, viewing the strange sight. Jack called to them that



they were in no danger, but they were too frightened to come out. Then he went to the king's hut and bade him tell his people the lion would not hurt them. So the king sent out messengers through the village, and, after much reassurance, one by one the natives cautiously returned.

In the meantime the king showed Jack to a little hut where he might spend the night. Bidding the lion lie outside the door, Jack soon went to rest.

Early next morning he and his lion were surrounded by wondering Africans, while he explained to the king how he had secured the animal, and his wish to collect specimens of all the wild inhabitants of the earth.

The natives gazed at him in amazement, but as he talked they became more and more interested, and soon their enthusiasm

was unbounded. They offered to help him in any way they could, and eagerly began explaining the habits of the different animals, where to find them, and when it was best to hunt them. They all talked at once, and finally became so excited that the king waved his spear and sent them all away.

First of all, Jack wished to capture a giraffe. The beautiful creature he had seen pictured on the circus poster, towering eighteen feet high, had fascinated him almost as much as the dangerous lions. The king explained that the giraffe was not a jungle animal, but lived on the plains or in the more open forest. He offered to send a party of native guides with Jack, and after a little discussion it was decided that they should set out in search of the giraffe the following morning.





### THREE EXCITING CAPTURES

THE next morning at daylight Jack started out with a retinue of natives which the king had chosen for him. For several days they traveled through dense forests and over sandy wastes without succeeding in capturing a giraffe. Although they frequently sighted herds of the great beasts, they were always too far away for Jack to shoot at them. One morning, however, as he scanned the open country, he saw fifteen or twenty of the tall animals quietly browsing with their heads among the branches of some thinly scattered thorn trees, about three quarters of a mile away.

Jack had learned that the giraffe depends for its safety upon its remarkable eyesight as much as upon its fleetness of

foot, and he knew it was almost useless to try to approach within shooting range unseen. He was wondering how to overcome this difficulty when the chief of his guides explained the method used by the white hunters who occasionally penetrated these regions.

After riding up as close as possible to the giraffes without arousing their suspicion, the hunters pressed their horses to their utmost speed, and after a hot chase, if their mounts were swift and enduring, a giraffe could be captured.

Jack singled out a handsome specimen browsing near the edge of the clump of trees and, mounting Zebie, dashed into the open. Almost immediately the wary creatures noticed his approach and started





*Jack drew his bow and let fly one of the heart-shaped arrows*

off with a long, easy, swinging pace. But it was not long before Zebie began to gain upon them, and seeing that they were being overtaken, they broke into an awkward gallop that would soon have overtaxed an ordinary horse, covering the ground at an astonishing speed. Their tails

were twisted and cocked up over their backs, and their huge hind legs reached so far forward that all four feet seemed nearly in line.

Jack fairly trembled with excitement! Zebie's small, twinkling feet and dainty gait formed a strange contrast to the rocking



movement of the big, stiff-legged giraffes, but the little steed gained steadily, and finally Jack found himself racing close behind the enormous creatures. He drew his bow and let fly one of the heart-shaped arrows. The red brand appeared on a giraffe's flank, and the animal stopped in a daze. For a moment it looked after its fleeing companions, and then, apparently without fear, approached its captor.

The chase had carried Jack a mile or two into the open, rolling country, and he had lost his bearings. He wandered about for an hour or more, and finally, following a course that seemed right, met the excited natives coming to search for him and inspect his prize.

It was now becoming dusk. The sun was setting, and it was decided to pitch camp for the night by a water hole near by. As they marched toward the water hole, the natives started a weird, wild

chant, sometimes singing together, sometimes answering each other back and forth and joining in a humming chorus. As they neared the camping place, three or four began blowing antelope horns and whistles.

Small fires were soon burning, and preparations for the evening meal were under way when a movement was heard among the branches overhead. Looking up, Jack saw the blazing eyes of one of the fiercest and most dreaded animals to be encountered in the African wilds. A leopard, roused by the noise, was crouching on one of the lower limbs, where he had chosen to sleep. The smoke from the fire had irritated the beast so that he had lost all caution. Back and forth he moved, snarling and spitting like a huge cat, as indeed he was. He could have broken the spine of a native with a single grip of his jaw; an ox he would

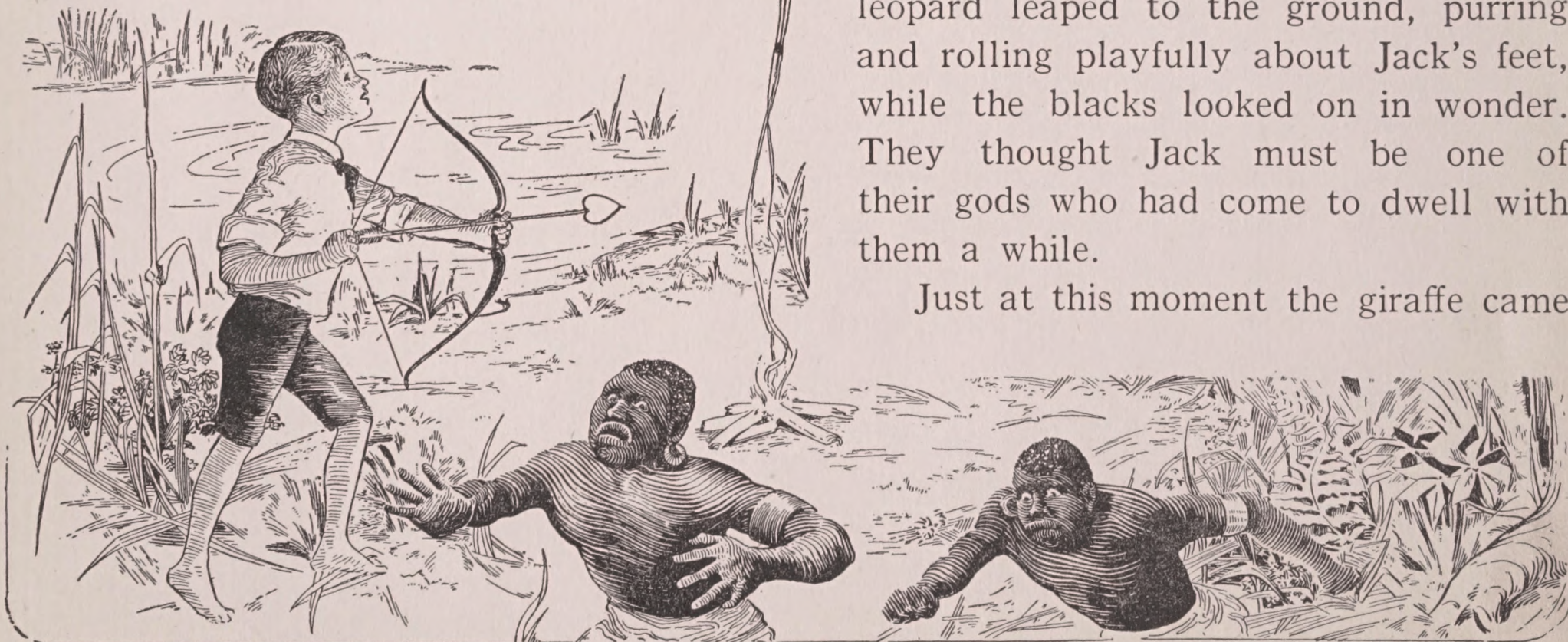


have strangled in a short time; and even now his impulse was to spring upon his enemies. Only fear of fire prevented his doing so. The natives drew back in terror, but Jack, knowing now the full power of the darts the fairy had given him, snatched up his bow and aimed at the leopard. The dart went true. Tame as a kitten, the



leopard leaped to the ground, purring and rolling playfully about Jack's feet, while the blacks looked on in wonder. They thought Jack must be one of their gods who had come to dwell with them a while.

Just at this moment the giraffe came





ambling toward them, and Jack glanced around uneasily, wondering what would happen when the giraffe and the leopard saw each other. The fairy had given him no instructions about that. The darts, however, seemed to have destroyed all their ferocity and natural hatred, and the leopard purred on at Jack's feet while the giraffe bent his long neck and rubbed his nose on Jack's cheek.

The night passed quietly. At intervals the distant roaring of a lion could be heard, or the flutterings of bats or disturbed birds. Once when he awoke, Jack saw two great eyes staring out of the darkness, the reflected light of the camp fire illuminating them until they shone like green flames; but the party was not troubled.

By daylight the camp was astir again. The guides were up and about long before Jack awakened, and were roasting a small pig-like animal which they had captured

and were preparing especially for Jack's breakfast. They assured him the tender, juicy meat was a great delicacy.

The big game that Jack wished to add to his growing menagerie roamed over the rolling, prairie-like land that swept away in ridges and gulleys from the wooded foothill country where the party was now camping. Before him lay the common hunting and feeding ground of the antelope, hartebeest, hunting leopard, rhinoceros, koodoo, and wart hog. Here also came the giraffe, for after the rainy season the grass and the foliage on the clumps of brush grew luxuriantly. Lions too came into this country, following in the wake of the other animals upon which they preyed.

New arrangements had to be made before continuing the hunt, for Jack realized it would be impossible to take with him all the animals he had captured.





*Once when he awoke, Jack saw two great eyes staring out of the darkness*



A central camp was therefore established, where all additional animals could be brought. An argument now started among the natives as to who should go with Jack, and who should remain in camp. This soon developed into a quarrel, fast becoming so serious that Jack had to interfere and decide the matter by drawing lots.

A fence of thorn branches was soon completed, and with the rising sun the following morning the little party again started out. Jack took the lead, riding Zebie. The natives, carrying water, food, and other supplies, trailed along behind, single file. Jack was much disappointed to find that he would have to leave his giraffe, or Slim, as he had named him. His remarkable speed would have made him valuable in riding down other animals, but in that open country his great height made him easily visible, while the scrub brush that grew scatteringly here and there,

though low, was often high enough to conceal Zebie and the others of the party.

Although the start had been made early, the sun was soon burning down upon them with terrific heat. The change from the cool night to the heat of the day was decidedly unpleasant. Jack guided Zebie into every spot of shade to be found. Noon came, and no game had been sighted, although during the last half hour Zebie had stopped once or twice and thrown up his head, nervously sniffing the air. Not long after this they came upon a water hole, around which were numerous tracks. Here they pitched a temporary camp, where they rested until the middle of the afternoon. Then the hunt was on again.

In the wooded districts above the foothills the natives had hunted close together, but here in the more open country they spread out for a mile or two, searching



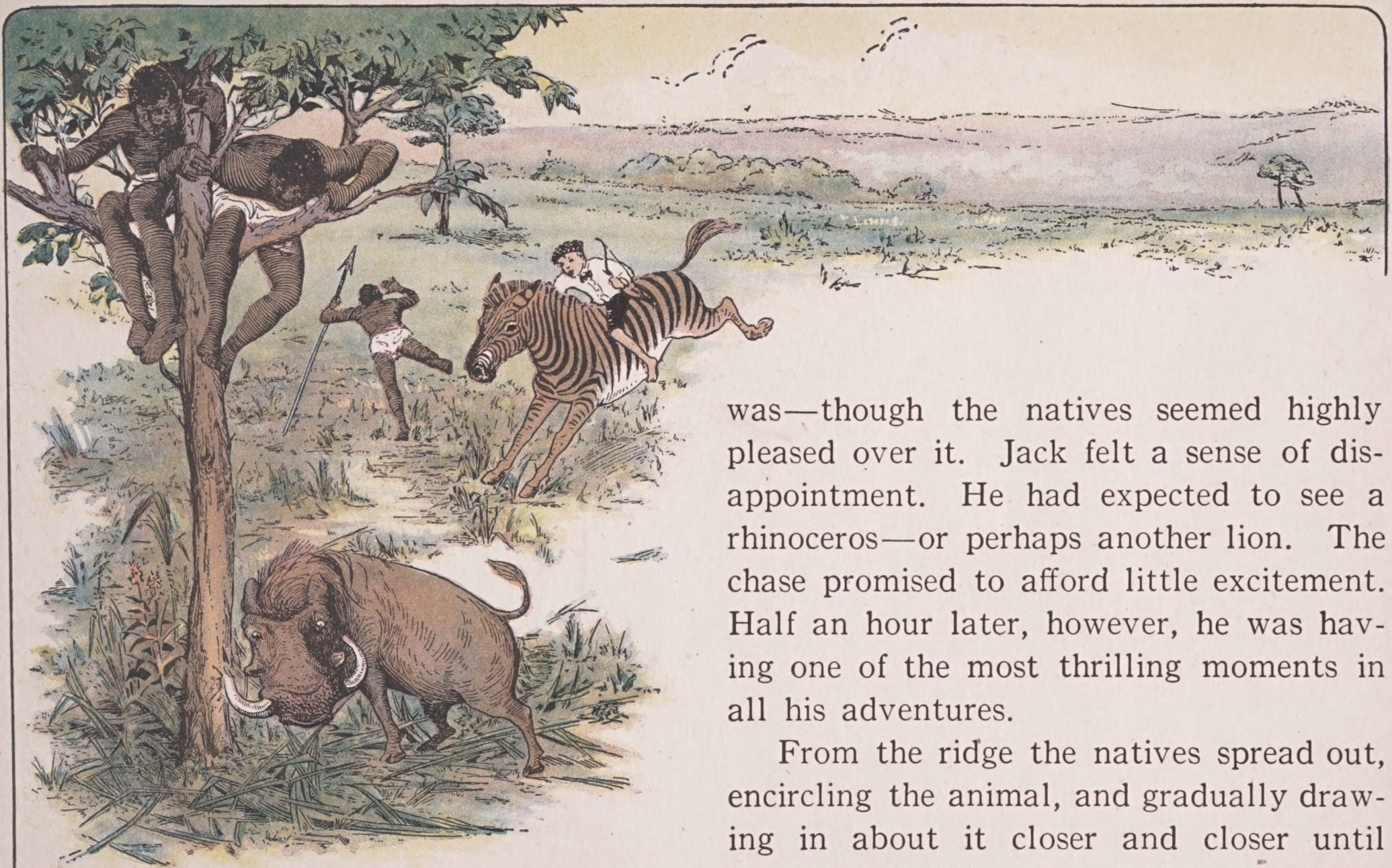


*Half a mile distant he was shown a small black object*

for fresh tracks. Jack, being mounted, was able to cover a wide territory, but it was from one of the natives that, toward evening, he received the little smoke signal telling him game had been discovered.

When he rode up he found the natives gathering from all directions to the top of a ridge. Half a mile distant he was shown a small black object, too far away as yet for him to tell what it





*The angry beast began slashing and ripping away at the tree*

was—though the natives seemed highly pleased over it. Jack felt a sense of disappointment. He had expected to see a rhinoceros—or perhaps another lion. The chase promised to afford little excitement. Half an hour later, however, he was having one of the most thrilling moments in all his adventures.

From the ridge the natives spread out, encircling the animal, and gradually drawing in about it closer and closer until they were within a hundred yards of it. Suddenly it stopped grazing, threw up its



head, swung about with a grunt, and located its enemy. And then Jack saw that the beast was a wart hog.

Jack had read of the wild-boar hunts kings engaged in during olden times, and now he vaguely wondered if he were about to take part in as exciting a chase as theirs; for the wart hog had all the outward appearance of the boar—low behind, the shoulders and head enormous, and two huge tusks rising from either side of its head. Jack thought it the ugliest, most ferocious looking beast he had ever seen.

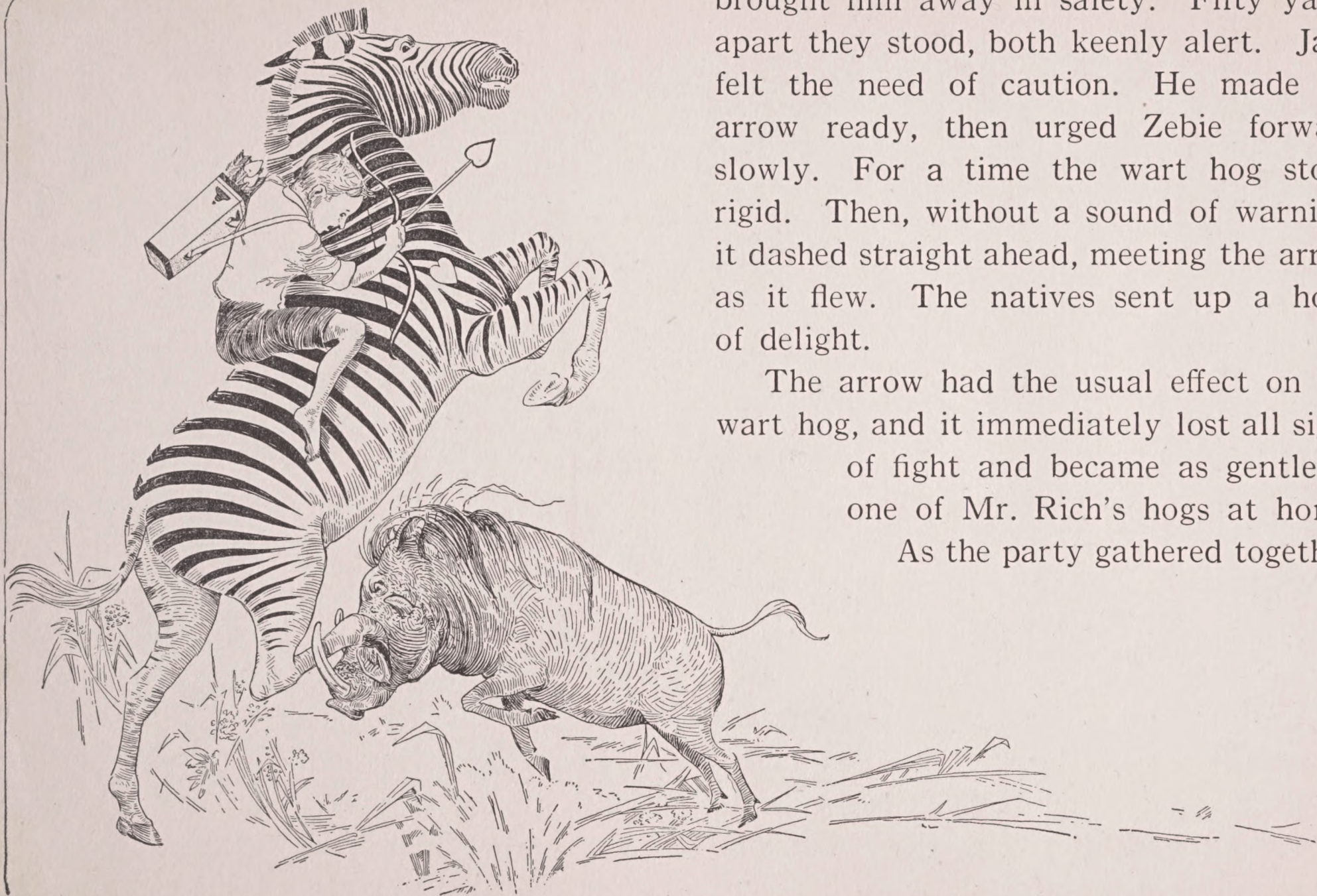
When the wart hog saw Jack, however, it turned and fled! Jack was disgusted. This was no king's sport. But the next instant the yells of the natives in front had sent the wart hog in another direction. Back and forth it rushed, and on every hand it found these dancing, howling blacks. Enraged, it turned and

charged on two of them with a speed astonishing for its size. Jack held his breath. The two natives, gray with fright, swung one after the other into a near-by scrub tree scarcely large enough to bear the weight of one. The angry beast began slashing and ripping away at the tree, with such effect that Jack saw it would soon fall and throw the natives to the mercy of the wart hog.

He had no chance to draw his arrows. He barely had time to rush up and draw the animal's attention to himself. The wart hog spared not a second. It charged on Zebie so quickly that even that agile little steed was unable to avoid its sharp white tusks, and it drew a clean red line across the zebra's legs.

Leaping, rearing, whirling, Zebie dashed about, trying to evade the rapid charges. Again and again he barely escaped the cruel, flashing tusks, but at last his nimble legs





brought him away in safety. Fifty yards apart they stood, both keenly alert. Jack felt the need of caution. He made his arrow ready, then urged Zebie forward slowly. For a time the wart hog stood rigid. Then, without a sound of warning, it dashed straight ahead, meeting the arrow as it flew. The natives sent up a howl of delight.

The arrow had the usual effect on the wart hog, and it immediately lost all signs of fight and became as gentle as one of Mr. Rich's hogs at home.

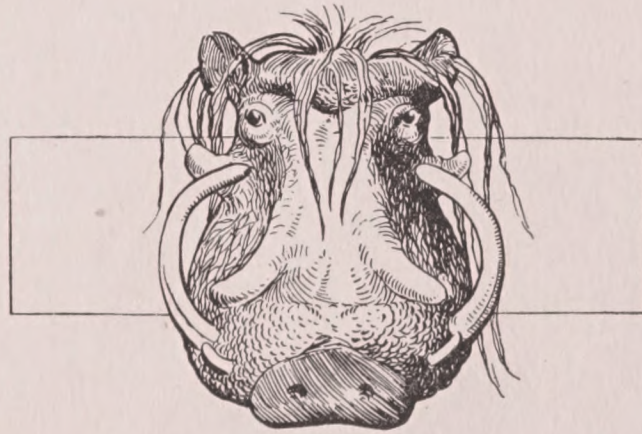
As the party gathered together,



Jack decided he had had quite enough for one day. Perspiration was running down his face and neck in little rivers, and his clothes were saturated through and through. Zebie's wounds, too, needed attention.

They made a temporary camp about a mile from the water hole. Jack thought

this best for two reasons. It brought the camp close enough to the water, yet far enough away so that the wild animals would still come to drink. A long, high ridge intervening, also cut off a view of the camp from that point. Altogether, the camp seemed ideally situated.





## FLEET-FOOTED FOLLOWERS

BY sunrise the following morning all were ready to start out again. Zebie's wound was slight and caused no great inconvenience. First of all an examination of the ground around the water hole was made, and the soft earth soon showed fresh tracks, made during the night or shortly before their arrival. Small hoof prints like those of an antelope, and others, larger though similar, led to and from the water. Following the general course of the larger prints, the party set out. As they advanced, the trail gradually grew less distinct, finally disappearing altogether; but they continued, over ridges and through gulleys, thinking as they reached the top of each ridge that they would be able to see the object of their hunt.

The natives said the tracks were those of a gnu. Jack had never heard of a gnu. The great colored circus posters had shown no such animal, and his curiosity was therefore all the greater.

"What's a gnu like?" he asked. But the descriptions given by the natives were so varied he could not picture the animal in his mind. A creature with the head of a buffalo, the body of a horse, and the legs of a deer seemed not only unreal but so amusing that Jack laughed and laughed—yet such indeed the beast proved to be, when, three hours later, they suddenly found themselves in sight of it.

The gnu, grazing just over the top of the ridge, had seen the party, so Jack had his first glimpse of the animal while





*The gnu dropped to its knees, and with horns upturned, reared upward*



it was in full flight. As the natives were unmounted, the chase was left to Jack and Zebie. Hitherto the natives had been able to surround their game and drive it in toward Jack, but now a capture rested entirely on Zebie's fleetness and endurance. He needed no urging. He sped across the country as he had never done before, on and on, leaping nimbly over grass clumps and underbrush, now and then dodging a small tree or one of the many holes that made travel over that ground so dangerous.

For miles they raced along at this break-neck speed, dashing up slopes and down gulleys, sometimes losing sight of the gnu, but gaining inch by inch until finally the queer looking beast, seeing no chance to escape, and nearly exhausted, turned quickly with head down to attack. Zebie barely avoided an injury that would have been far more serious than that the

wart hog had given him; for the gnu dropped to its knees, and with horns upturned, reared upward. Such an attack used against a less agile creature than Zebie would have proved fatal. Jack was wholly unprepared for this crisis, but he kept his head, and by the time the gnu had recovered for a second attack, he had implanted the heart-shaped brand. Instantly the gnu was as tame as all the other animals had been when they felt the influence of the magic dart.

Jack now had an opportunity to study his new captive. Its appearance was even more ludicrous than the natives had been able to describe. It was no larger than Zebie, and had a mane, body, and tail like a horse. Its legs resembled a stag's, while its head supported long, upturned horns. Around its muzzle grew long, heavy bristles, so thick that at first glance Jack thought the beast must have got into





*Two gazelles in the near-by brush leaped out just ahead of him, and Zebie dashed in pursuit*

trouble with a porcupine. He laughed aloud as he imagined the looks of consternation and amazement that would spread over the faces of the villagers at home when they caught sight of this queer creature.

As he made his way back to the party, two gazelles in the near-by brush leaped

out just ahead of him, and Zebie dashed in pursuit, followed by the gnu. The chase lasted only a few minutes, however, before Jack added both gazelles to his train. An hour or so later he came in sight of the natives. They were evidently waiting for him, for they were gathered in a group, part of them motioning him to hurry,



and the others looking back down the ravine. Jack hastened toward them.

A cheetah, a member of the cat family, had been seen only a few moments before, they told him. It was now midday and very hot. It was also meal time, but with an animal so near them the natives were too excited to eat, and when Jack joined them they were eager to press on.

The sweat on Zebie had dried and left his coat streaked with shining salt particles. Jack pulled some damp grass from around the roots of a small tree and rubbed him thoroughly. Then for a long time the party traveled on, spreading farther and farther apart; but not once did they sight the cheetah, or even find a trace of it.

They were now some distance from camp, and evening would soon be upon them. The natives were almost exhausted, for they had had nothing to eat since early morning, and preparations were made to

return. Very little was said as the party trudged campward.

Toward sundown, and not far from the water hole, one of the natives suddenly stopped and raised his hand. Instantly every one was on the alert, but strain their eyes and ears as they might, nothing could be heard or seen.

The natives began jeering the man who had given the alarm, when Jack, who was still gazing about intently from Zebie's back, exclaimed, "Down! Down! Something is coming this way!"

Scarcely had the words been spoken when a gazelle dashed by them, its eyes big with fright, and its sides heaving. It was past and gone before Jack had time to place his arrow, but he knew from its actions that it was being pursued. Sure enough! In another instant a cheetah dashed into view, so intent on the chase that it sped by without noticing the





*As Jack slipped from Zebie's back he let fly an arrow*

party. As Jack slipped from Zebie's back he let fly an arrow. The animal was not large, and Jack missed. A murmur spread among the natives as they leaped from the ground.

Jack swung up on Zebie and started in pursuit. His only thought was to keep the cheetah from reaching the gazelle.

They were gaining on the cheetah, but it was gaining on the gazelle. Jack could stand it no longer. "Faster! Faster!" he cried, but Zebie was already exerting himself to the limit.

Jack was not careless now. He placed his arrow, and when sure of himself, he let fly with a twang. The cheetah dropped



for an instant in confusion. The little gazelle toppled over, exhausted, with sweating coat and heaving sides, and Jack looked into its big, grateful eyes. He walked over and stroked the delicate little form and the animal made no attempt to escape. It seemed to realize that in Jack it had found a protector.

The cheetah, he found, was a beautiful creature, long, lithe, and graceful, like a big, long-legged cat. For a short run it is one of the swiftest animals on earth. Now it was sitting up on its haunches,

like a monkey, watching Jack and making a curious birdlike chirp. Jack called to it, and when they started away the little gazelle got up and followed. Jack had already captured two gazelles, but after the scene he had just witnessed he could not bear to leave the little fellow behind to fall prey to some other animal.

Camp was not reached until long after sundown; but around the camp fire that night there was wild dancing and singing. Fatigue was forgotten, and great plans were made for the following day.





## THE RHINOCEROS

JACK refused to think of turning back without adding a rhinoceros to his collection; but it was evident at the water hole that none had drunk at that place for a long time. It was therefore decided that they should go to the water holes farther north, where there was also a small stream at that time of year.

By following a triangular course their next camp would leave them no farther from the main camp than they now were. All of the following day and a portion of the next were spent in reaching their destination. The route lay across bare plains, and as they proceeded they crossed myriads of dusty game trails, showing here the round hoof print of the zebra, there the heart-shaped print of the harte-

beest, and every now and then the winding, deep-trodden track made by savage men as they traveled from village to village.

Animals like those Jack already possessed were seen from time to time; once in the distance an entire herd of giraffes was distinguished feeding, although long before Jack and his guides reached them they had become aware of the party and moved on with their peculiar, rocking, easy looking gait, so wholly misleading as to their rapid pace. One noon, as the party sat eating their lunch, a herd of zebras stood near watching them curiously, and a little farther away, on the other side, a herd of hartebeests formed an interested ring.



The stream, a mere creek, flowed from the near-by hills, winding about for several miles before it finally spread into a marsh. Along this stream the vegetation grew rank and tangled.

“Here’s a fine place for a hippopotamus,” thought Jack; but the natives did not encourage him to hunt hippopotamuses here.

The party spent the afternoon in scouting about, getting acquainted with the country, and returned in high spirits. By great good fortune they had discovered a rhinoceros only a few miles away. To go after it at that time of day was impossible, but the following morning the first rays of light found the camp astir and ready.

The few miles seemed a long distance that morning. Jack’s nerves began to tingle with excitement. “How big is a rhinoceros when one is near to it?” he asked himself. “As big as the one on

the circus posters?” He wondered if the heart brand would have any effect on such a monster.

The party had now reached the place where the rhinoceros had been found. They scanned the country near and far. No rhinoceros was there! Although they saw plenty of evidence that the beast had been there, at some time during the night he had moved on, in what direction it was hard to say.

Jack bravely swallowed his disappointment, and ordered the natives to spread out and push on. This they did, sweeping the country for miles; but it was hours before one of the savages finally came rushing up to Jack to say the animal had been discovered.

Following his guide, it was not long before Jack saw the rhino standing in the open plain near some scattered trees, on the twigs and leaves of which he had





*Jack saw the rhino standing in the open plain near some scattered trees*



evidently been feeding. His hide looked black in the sunlight, and although his body was nearly as large as an elephant's, his short legs made him appear much smaller.

The natives were not inclined to venture near the rhinoceros, holding back a quarter of a mile or more, and refusing to engage in the chase. It was well for them that they were cautious, for the beast had a surly temper, and the light spears and bows and arrows they carried would have been of little use in defending them against him. His thick, horny hide was a veritable armor. When within two hundred yards of the rhinoceros, Jack slipped off from Zebie's back, and, keeping under cover of the trees, cautiously advanced, bow and arrow in hand.

Like all rhinos this beast was dull of hearing and of wit, and the trees successfully screened Jack from his little pig-like

eyes. He looked so stupidly sluggish, his capture seemed but a matter of walking up, releasing the arrow, and leading him back to camp.

Suddenly, however, something attracted his attention, and he turned and faced Jack, huge and threatening. His head was thrown up and his tail stood erect! Jack let the arrow fly—and missed! But for all his great size, the rhinoceros was not courageous, and instead of charging, he turned and galloped off—galloped with a swiftness Jack had not dreamed of. Jack ran back to Zebie, mounted, and for a mile or two they raced, with Zebie always some distance behind. The rhino led the way into a piece of low, marshy ground surrounding a pool, where he disappeared among the crashing reeds and bushes, evidently feeling safe from his pursuers.

Jack wasted another arrow trying to reach him, but the thicket was too dense,





*The rhino led the way into a piece of low, marshy ground surrounding a pool*

and the soft, marshy ground made it dangerous for Zebie to follow. In addition there was the danger of poisonous snakes.

Jack could afford to take no chances with this animal, and had to change his tactics in an endeavor to draw him back to solid ground. They circled the marsh

several times, and then Jack again dismounted and crept carefully through the grass. Almost at once there was a furious snorting and crashing, and the rhino burst through the thorn bushes, tossing and twisting his head. Fortunately he had failed to locate his enemy, and as Jack dashed





*After looking at his tormentors for a moment, the rhinoceros charged them once more*

away and mounted Zebie again, the rhino wheeled round into the thicket.

Once more Jack tried to enter, but the rhinoceros, with water splashing in every direction, charged at him so quickly the long, sharp horn nearly caught him. The splashing spray made a shot uncertain.

Dangerous as it was, Jack saw that this was the only means of drawing the animal from cover. Again and again he pushed into the marsh and then made his escape before the enraged animal, but each time the massive beast rushed back before Jack dared risk a shot. The natives, far in the



rear, were raising a great commotion with their yelling and excited howls, but each time the animal plunged out of the marsh they took to their heels in flight.

At last the rhinoceros could stand it no longer. After looking at his tormentors for a moment as they stood on the edge of the marsh, he charged them once more, this time dashing up on to solid ground, just where Jack wanted him; and in a

moment the red heart blazed on his thick, dark hide.

The natives now swarmed in noisily and began fighting good naturedly for a seat on the rhinoceros. All the way back to camp there was a continual pushing and jostling for a ride; and the now docile beast, either annoyed or with an instinct for mischief, would rub along the trunks of occasional trees, and send them all flying.





## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

JACK now made inquiries regarding the hippopotamus. Many miles north, he learned, the jungle grew so dense as to be almost impenetrable. This was the favorite home of the hippopotamus, who lived in the rivers and lakes. Other animals were so numerous one could hardly sleep for the roars and screams of wild beasts, the natives said. But Jack accepted this information with amusement, for the natives molded all their stories with a view to making the deepest possible impression.

Nevertheless, he sent messengers to the central camp, and a few days later the remainder of the party, with the baggage and the queer company of animals, arrived. Then began the long trip to the jungle. It was a strange procession that thus wound

through the forest. Every animal that was large enough had its rider. There were natives on the giraffe, on the gnu, on the lion, and on each of the other menagerie recruits, riding alone or in twos and threes; but so many climbed up on the rhinoceros that this great beast looked like a sort of jungle omnibus! This was certainly going to be the most astonishing circus the town had ever seen!

No new animals were seen except a beautiful antelope with enormous spiral horns, which was taken after a short chase. The natives called it a koodoo.

As the miles passed, travel became more difficult. Vegetation grew more dense and rank. Vines twisted about everything, their long, curling tendrils entangling the





*It was a strange procession that wound through the forest*

travelers both underfoot and overhead. Often the rhinoceros had to push ahead to make a pathway for the smaller animals, and long detours were made to avoid large tracts of marsh.

Snakes were numerous. One day the

natives came crowding back in great excitement to tell Jack they had seen a huge python. They soon guided him to where it hung coiled loosely in a tree, waiting patiently for monkeys or any other prey that might come within range. The snake's



surroundings and natural coloring made it almost invisible. As Jack shot his magic dart the python lashed out at him with open jaws, and then as the little crimson heart appeared, uncoiled and came gliding through the grass toward him. Jack felt that he was fortunate in getting the huge reptile, but the natives, even though they were now confident of the taming power of Jack's magic arrows, were not altogether pleased to add the python as a traveling companion. They kept a respectful distance whenever they saw his great length following along behind Zebie, and were quick to turn and run if they came upon him anywhere by accident.

A number of monkeys had already been added to the group, and these active little beasts not only amused the entire party, but proved useful in gathering fruits and nuts.

The ants and mosquitoes that swarmed

in the jungle were always extremely troublesome. Even the smoke of the camp fires seemed to have no effect upon them. Leopards were numerous, and, as the natives had said, their piercing screams ringing out on the midnight air, mingled with the roars of the lions and the strange cries of many other jungle animals, made it indeed difficult to sleep.

Jack had long since ceased to be afraid, and he never tired of listening to these sounds that were so different from those he had always heard at home. Often at night he would waken with a feeling that he was being watched, and gazing out into the darkness, he would catch the gleam of some beast's eyes as it lurked about the camp, drawn thither by the smell of the animals, but not daring to attack.

Once he aimed between two of the spots of green and secured a fine lioness; but after that he paid little attention, feeling





*As Jack shot his magic dart the python lashed out at him with open jaws*



sure he must have an animal of the same kind in his collection.

One day as they broke their way



through the dark shadows of the jungle, there was a terrified scream, and the native who had been farthest ahead came tearing and stumbling back. Close on his heels lurched a huge, upright form which made Jack shudder as a ray of light showed its hideous ape-like body and cruel, monster face.

"Gorilla," flashed into Jack's mind.

The natives set up a terror-stricken yell. The beast, surprised for a moment, hesitated; then he stood still and began



beating his massive chest with his huge fist until it sounded like a kettledrum. His roars shook the forest, and his big, white teeth fairly gleamed. For the first time, the natives deserted their little leader, taking to their heels and scattering in every direction. Before he could grasp what had happened, Jack was left alone face to face with the infuriated monster.

The beast, still beating his chest and gnashing his teeth, made rapidly toward Jack. Trembling with excitement, and somewhat unnerved by his companions' hasty retreat, Jack shot his arrow. But the gorilla still came on—and Jack's heart sank. He had missed! He dared not move. To turn and run would make death certain. Behind, as in a dream, he could hear the shouts of the natives. The gorilla was now upon him. He could feel its hot breath, and expected to be crushed the next instant. In desperation he raised an arrow and

plunged it into the shoulder of the beast. A tremendous shout arose. Jack drew back and looked into the face of what was now the only tame gorilla in the world.

The natives came swarming out from their hiding places, but though they were fully aware of the influence of the dart, it was some time before they felt entirely safe in the presence of this ugly creature. Indeed, the animal possessed a peculiar quality so nearly human that the natives never became accustomed to it. The gorilla and the python had to keep each other company.

They followed the course of the stream another day, and at evening camped near the water hole for which the natives had been aiming. All that night they could hear the hippos splashing, snorting, and grunting in the river. Once a lion roared, and later they were awakened by the sudden trumpeting of elephants.

At sunrise next morning Jack started





*The hippopotamuses gamboled about in an awkward yet most amusing manner*

out for the water hole, certain of success. The steep bank was covered with dense trees, festooned with vines. Heron sat among the branches, and bright-feathered birds flew among the trees. A crocodile floated on the water among the lily pads, and off to one side of the pool, luckily enough, there was a herd of hippopotamuses. The big fellows gamboled about, in and out of the water, in an awkward

yet most amusing manner, much the same as pigs are wont to do. Some were grazing on the thick, juicy vegetation that grew along the river's bank, while others stood sunning themselves on the shore, with their heads in the mud, or their big bodies half submerged in the water.

When Jack and the natives appeared, the big beasts snorted and made for the deeper water. Some disappeared entirely



beneath the surface, and by the twisting of the lily pads were evidently galloping along the bottom of the stream. One old cow started swimming down the river, carrying her calf on her back. For a few moments Jack made no effort to capture any of them, and they soon became quiet, one by one coming to the surface, near by. Even then only their eyes and nostrils could be seen, and they came up so quietly they caused scarcely a ripple in the water.

Jack stood for a long time watching them. They now paid little attention to the party, and some of the natives approached quite close to them. Though the hippopotamuses were big and clumsy, like

the rhinoceros, they showed none of his fury or fighting spirit.

It was so easy to capture these big, cumbersome animals that Jack was tempted to take a number of them, but at last he chose an enormous fellow, who, more venturesome than the others, pulled himself out of the water and began feeding on the soft, juicy stalks that lined the river. For a while Jack watched him opening and closing his tremendous jaws, and then sent the little arrow into his great forehead. The heart appeared on his hide, and he trailed into camp behind the party as calmly as one of Mr. Rich's cows on her way home from pasture in the evening.





## AN ELEPHANT HUNT

NO menagerie would be complete without an elephant or two, and Jack had been restlessly waiting for a chance to hunt them ever since he had been in Jungleland. For nearly a week the party had been in a continual state of suspense. Again and again they had come across areas where the vines were torn, the bushes trampled and mashed, and young saplings and tender shoots uprooted and broken. These evidences, as well as great footprints, showed plainly that the hunters had crossed and recrossed the trail of a herd of elephants, but the natives declared the tracks were old, several days old at least. This news was discouraging, for Jack knew that the elephant is capable of traveling long distances, and the herd might be miles away

by that time. To come repeatedly on proof that the monstrous creatures had been there before him, and yet not be able even to gain sight of them, put his nerves on high tension.

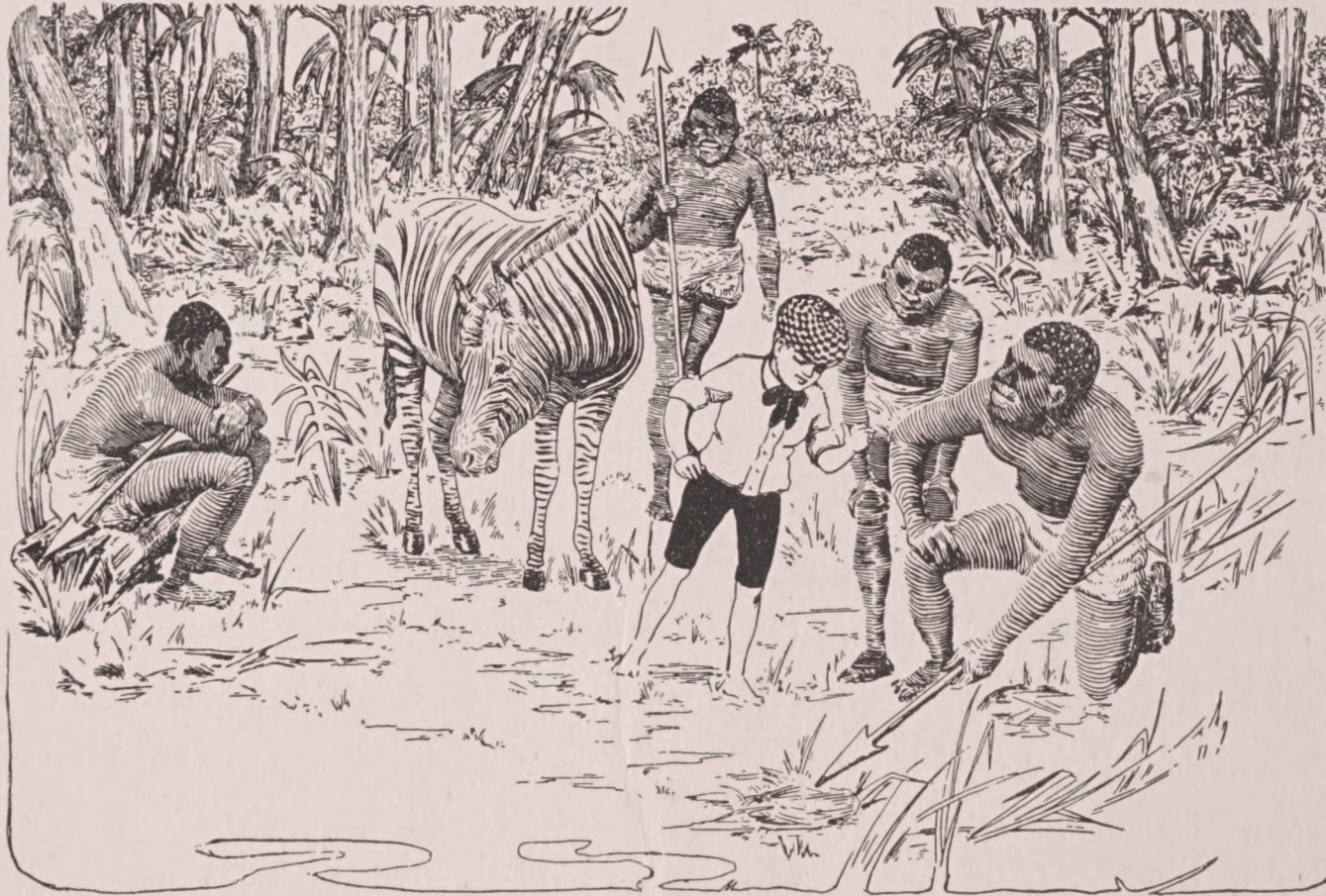
However, since the herd had been seen in the neighborhood, and might still be in the vicinity, Jack decided to try to find it. It was of course impossible to take the great train of animals he had now collected on such an expedition, not only because the profuse vegetation would make travel slow, but because the noise they made would frighten the elephants long before the party was anywhere near them. The elephant, like the rhinoceros, has poor eyesight, but its senses of hearing and of smell are unusually keen.



A convenient camp was therefore established, and as the freshest of the trails seemed to lead farther on into the foothills, the hunting party took that direction, determined to locate their game. Day after day they scoured the forest but without success. So dense was the jungle growth that scarcely a ray of sunlight penetrated it; only here and there the somberness was relieved by brilliant flowers, or by the bright plumage of some tropical bird. Now and then a troupe

of monkeys went swinging and chattering away through the trees.

It had been out of the question to think of taking any of the animals except Zebie into such a wilderness, and even on foot the little party had to keep to the path the elephants had made in order to stand any chance of overtaking their quarry.



*Great footprints showed that the hunters had crossed the trail of a herd of elephants*

The course they were following was tedious, and both Jack and the black men were in despair when on the morning of the third



day a freshening of the trail again buoyed up their spirits.

Two of the natives who had been ahead of the party came running back, wild with excitement. "Come! Hurry!" they urged. Jack followed on their heels as they plunged ahead, and they soon stopped, pointing to a great number of footprints and freshly trodden bushes.

"We catch 'em now," they declared, and danced about, fully as excited as Jack himself.

The other natives had now reached the spot, and after a short parley they all hastened forward. The new trail led them along a course where after a time the ground became unusually soft. The separate footprints were often more than a foot deep and from time to time the natives stooped to examine them closely. This aroused Jack's curiosity, and in reply to his questions the natives showed him

that the water which partly filled the tracks was muddy, and that more was oozing in. Had the prints been older, they said, the water would have settled and become clear, as well as filling the track entirely. They might come upon the elephants at any time.

Scarcely a word was spoken as they hurried along the trail. Up hill and down they went, often coming within sound of the elephants, but each time the herd either caught their scent or heard them, and were off before the party caught sight of them. As often as they could they stepped into the huge prints left by the elephants, for in them there was less danger of treading on a stick that would crack and alarm the herd.

Finally a sound reached the sensitive ears of the natives. It was the noise of breaking branches—not of one, but of many. Ahead through the twilight of the





*Jack rushed up on Zebie and planted an arrow in the elephant's side*



forest, Jack could see the bright sunlight as it beat down into a clearing, and creeping cautiously, he found himself looking into a wide, open space. The search was ended. Across the area, a hundred yards away, Jack saw the elephants—*his* elephants! There were more than a dozen of them, some standing asleep and others busily breaking and uprooting small saplings, which they chewed until they had extracted the sap, expelling the well-ground pulp. Fortunately, this time Jack and his party were to windward, and the elephants did not suspect their presence.

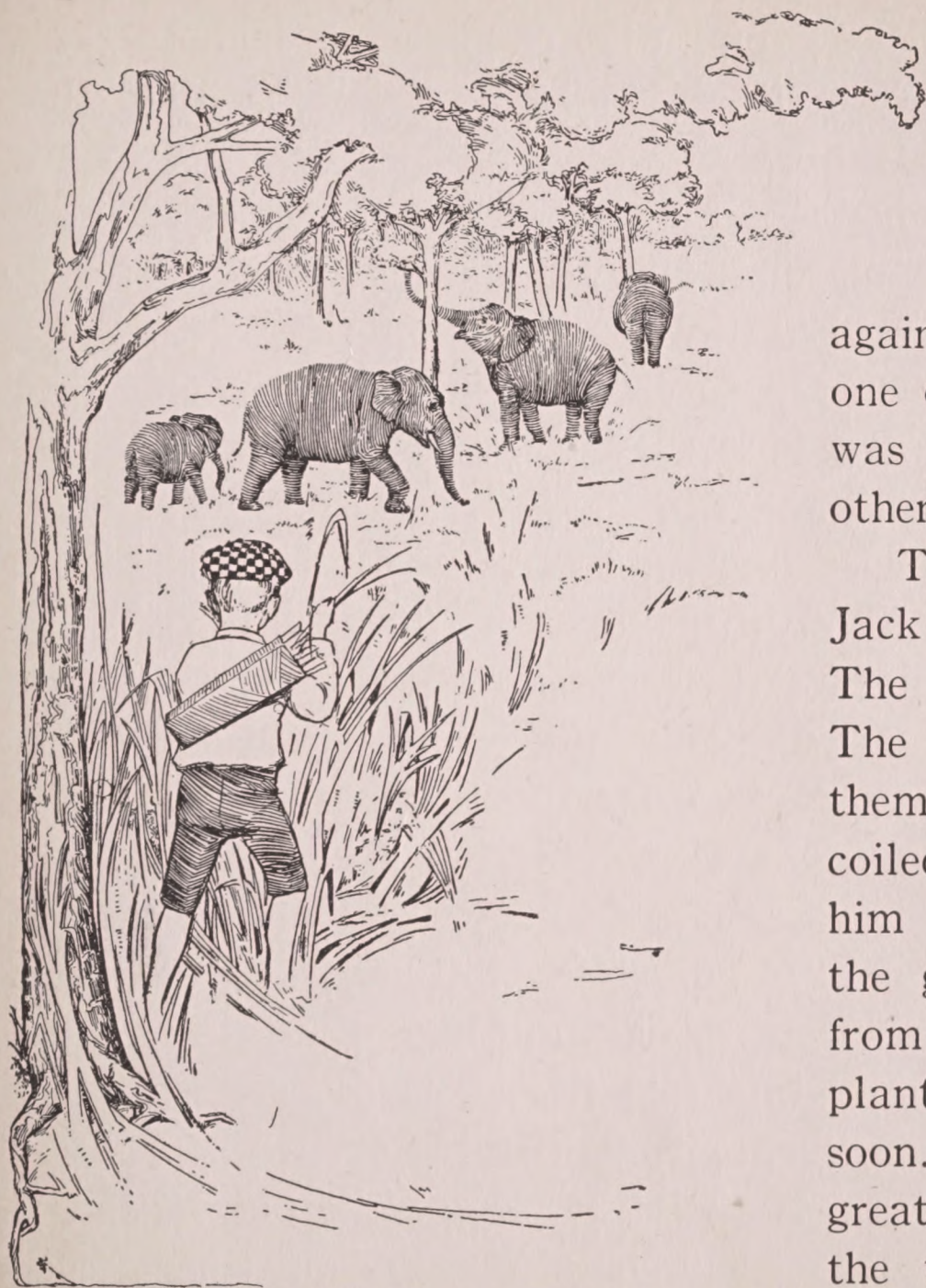
No one who has never seen the elephant in its natural haunt can realize the thrill that went pulsing through Jack as he stared at the great, wrinkled, slate-colored creatures, with their huge tusks and writhing trunks. For the first time he was conscious of their great strength. The sight held him spellbound.

Suddenly, as he stood gazing at the great beasts, he heard a crashing of branches and witnessed a strange sight. A small, lithe creature, a kind of antelope, rushed out of the thicket past the elephants and dashed again into the forest. Behind it came a black panther, a species seldom seen, which, when it reached the clearing, stopped short, paused for a moment, and dashed by a circuitous route through the forest after its prey.

The elephants, frightened by the sudden disturbance, stood rolling back and forth, their heads held high in the air and their huge, fan-like ears waving like sails. It was some time before they quieted down and again began feeding, but until then the natives would not go near them. An excited elephant is a dangerous foe.

A few moments now, and Jack and his party would be close in on the herd. But fortune was against them. Jack was





*Across the area, Jack saw the elephants—his elephants!*

just about to release his dart when a change in the wind warned the elephants of their presence, and with ears flapping wildly, they set off. Jack immediately gave chase, thinking to shoot at them again before they were out of range, when one of the animals in the rear, a cow whose calf was having difficulty in keeping pace with the others, turned and charged furiously.

The suddenness of the attack so confused Jack that he barely evaded the maddened onrush. The natives, who had followed, fled in terror. The elephant's attention being directed toward them, she came charging ahead into their midst, coiled her trunk about one of them, and, raising him high in the air, was about to fling him to the ground. But Jack, who had now recovered from the previous charge, rushed up on Zebie and planted an arrow in her side. He was none too soon. The red heart appeared on her hide, and the great beast instantly became calm. She lowered the trembling African to the ground. He was



somewhat shaken up by the experience but otherwise unhurt.

The capture of the young elephant was an easy matter.

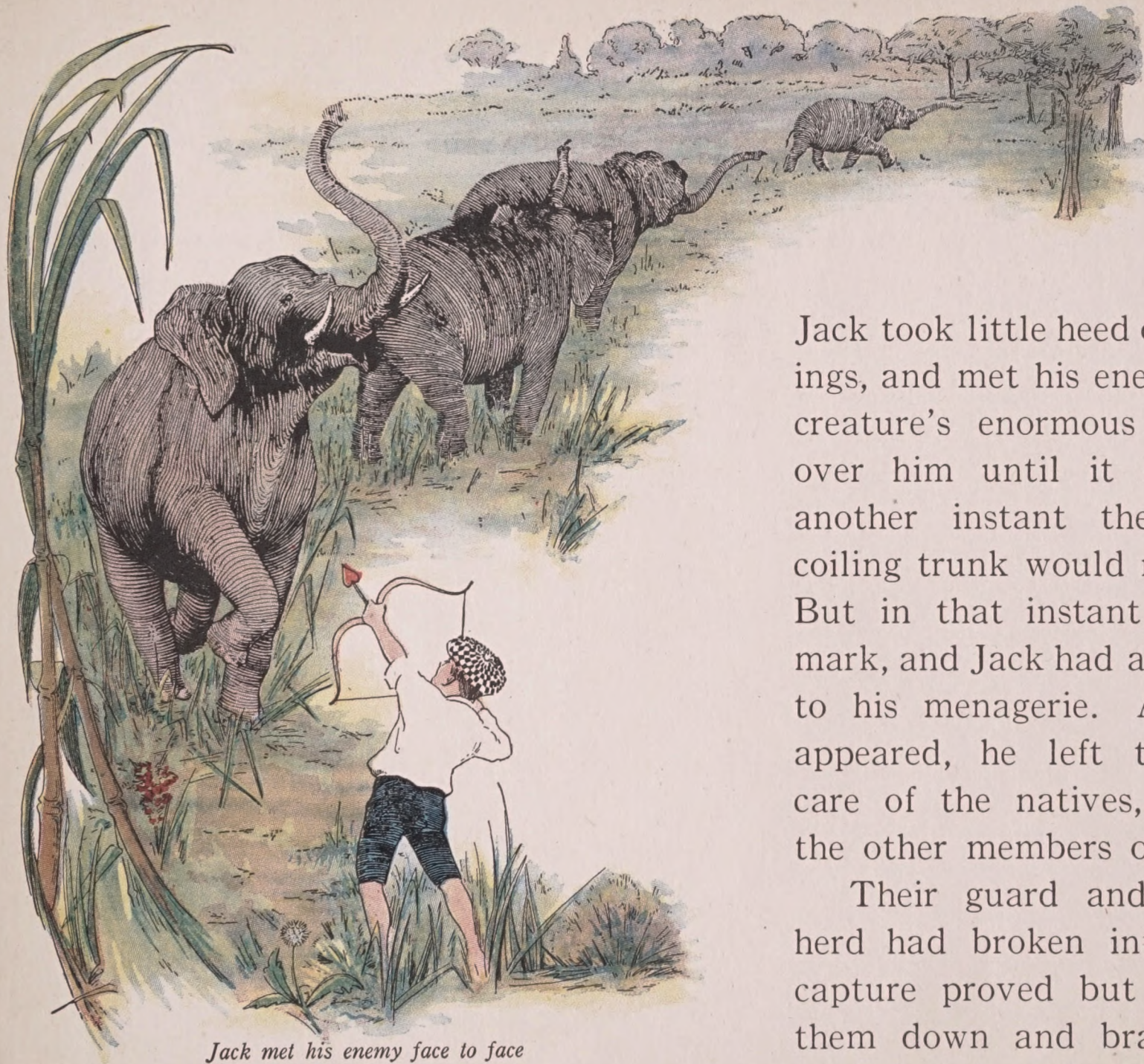
By this time the rest of the herd had disappeared in the jungle. Jack would have followed them, but the natives protested. It would be folly, they said, to give chase when the animals were so excited, for they were extremely dangerous when angered. They suggested keeping the trail until the following day, when the elephants would be calm again, and more easily taken. Jack saw reason in their argument, and decided to follow their advice.

All that afternoon and well into the next day they followed the trail. The new captives, especially the baby elephant, furnished them with unending amusement. Once the little fellow entered a pool, and filling his trunk with water, drenched

every one who came near, including his own mother. Then she too filled her trunk with water, and so nearly drowned her small son that he was glad to come splashing out, trumpeting for mercy!

Late in the afternoon they were lucky enough to come upon the herd again, but a sudden change in the wind warned the elephants of their presence almost at once. The huge creatures turned and crashed through the trees, the big bull traveling behind his companions as a sort of rear guard. This time the party was very close, and finally the bull turned and made a stand, his long ears waving, and his small, pig-like eyes gleaming menacingly. For an instant his pursuers stopped, not knowing what to expect; and the time thus gained gave the other elephants a still greater lead. It was one of the strategies of the old bull, and he worked it a number of times, each





*Jack met his enemy face to face*

time turning after a threatening stand and rushing after the herd.

But the fourth time he charged, Jack took little heed of his trumpeted warnings, and met his enemy face to face. The creature's enormous bulk came towering over him until it looked as though in another instant the huge tusk or the coiling trunk would raise him to his death. But in that instant the heart flew to its mark, and Jack had added another elephant to his menagerie. As the scarlet brand appeared, he left the elephants in the care of the natives, and rushed on after the other members of the herd.

Their guard and protector gone, the herd had broken into a panic, and their capture proved but a matter of hunting them down and branding each with the



magic dart. Within an hour Jack had added five of them to the cavalcade, and was willing to allow the others to escape. None of the other animals he had taken had given him so much real pleasure as had these elephants, and he

felt very proud when a short time later the natives surrounded him, grinning and shouting and dancing about in admiration and delight. And well they might! The animals were among the finest specimens of their kind.





## THE MENAGERIE AT HOME

LONG after every one was asleep that night, Jack sat thinking by the camp fire. In his collection were nearly all the important animals of Africa—and now that he had them, how was he going to get them home? This question puzzled him deeply. He knew that Zebie could take him home alone, but as he looked at his other animals, he dismissed that thought entirely. He could not, he would not go back without them! And, too, even in these few short weeks he had become much attached to the simple, honest natives who had risked so much and aided him so faithfully. He would have to part from them also. The whole adventure threatened to be spoiled. He was almost in despair.

“If the beautiful fairy were only here,” he wished, half aloud.

“What is it, Jack?” asked a soft, low voice behind him. Jack turned about in amazement, for behold! the fairy had appeared.

“I—I—I don’t know how to get my animals home,” faltered Jack, in his surprise at seeing the fairy again.

The fairy only laughed softly, saying, “That’s very easy; just close your eyes,” and she placed her finger tip lightly on his eyelids and waved her wand.

And then a wonderful thing happened. For when Jack opened his eyes the fairy was gone; the jungle was gone; the natives were gone; but Zebie was still there, and so were the elephants, the giraffe, the big



fat hippo, and all the rest. Around them on every side were the familiar places which Jack had always seen—Hiram Rich's big white house, the blacksmith's shop, the town pump, and his own little home down the street. By the first rays of the morning sun he could see, across the way, the weather-beaten posters that had so thrilled him such a short time ago. He looked with satisfaction from the brilliant, gaudy colorings on the billboard to the soft, rich coloring of the giraffe, the leopard, and the antelopes. He wondered what the people would say when they awakened and saw so many wild beasts loose in the public square.

Presently a dog appeared and began to bark furiously. An answering bark echoed, and still another. Soon the village seemed full of noisy, yelping dogs, which created such a disturbance that the townspeople were aroused and came pouring

out of their houses to see what the trouble was all about.

Daddy Brown, the blacksmith, who lived across the way next to his shop, was the first to appear. He stuck his head out of a window, and the sight that met his eyes made him draw back in astonishment.

"Well! 'pon my word!" he exclaimed. "Another circus come to town—an'—an' if there ain't Jack Jingling!"

A moment later he came out. In a surprisingly short time almost the entire village were standing about the public square—at a safe distance—plying Jack with questions.

"Where have you been, Jack?"

"Where did you get the animals?"

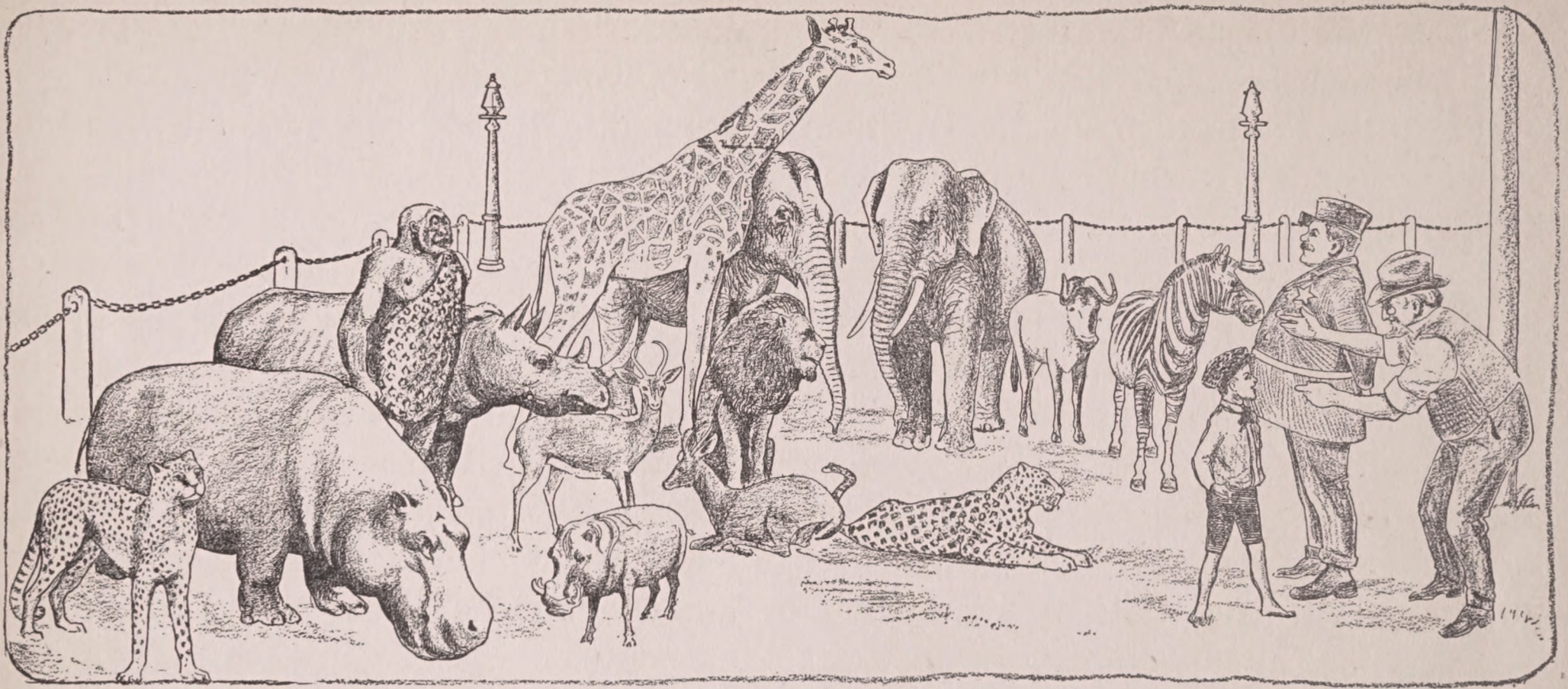
"Are they tame?"

"Will they bite?"

"Oh, look at the pretty giraffe!"

"Lookie at the elephants!"





*"But they are my animals, and I won't let them hurt anybody"*

"What is that funny looking horse?"

"Gee, man, see that snake!"

"Um-m, them circus lions weren't near so big as these, *were* they, Pa?"

Jack heard but a few of these exclamations and questions, for in the crowd he

had caught sight of his mother and father, and had run over to them. They were as astonished as every one else, and asked him a dozen questions in one breath, but he steadfastly refused to tell them where he had been or how he had got the animals.



He knew well that his experiences were past human belief.

Presently Hiram Rich, more crusty than ever because his morning sleep had been disturbed, broke in on the group.

“Here! Here! What’s this? What does all this mean?” he demanded of Jack. “What do you mean by running away and leaving me no one to take care of my cow? And how dare you bring these dangerous animals here into the midst of us, risking our lives and property? This will never do! This will *never* do!” he shouted.

“But they are my animals, and I won’t let them hurt anybody,” declared Jack.

“You! You! What can you do?” demanded Rich. “Take them away! Get them out of here! Come, constable! The square is public property, and as a citizen I demand that you remove and take charge of these animals.”

The people, awed by this outburst,

stood silent. Jack ran to his animals. “No, you shan’t take them away!” he shouted. His feelings were hurt, and he was angry.

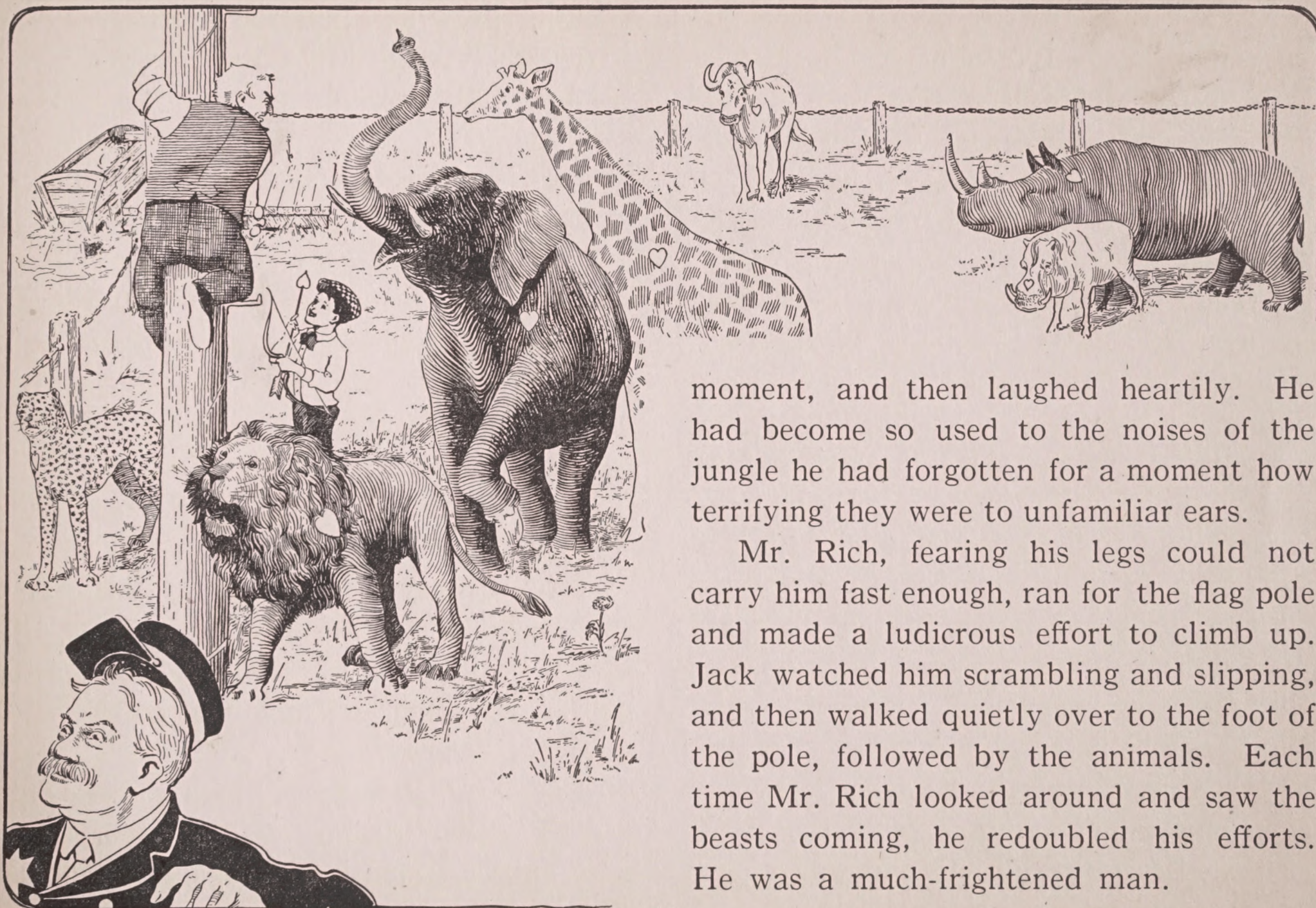
“Do your duty, constable,” ordered Mr. Rich.

The officer, with trembling knees, but not wishing to appear cowardly before his townsmen, started forward, gathering courage with each step as he saw how quietly the animals stood around Jack. He didn’t know exactly how to take charge of the animals, but he felt bound to make the attempt.

The crowd cheered him on.

“Don’t you dare take my animals!” cried Jack, and as he spoke the lion gave such a roar that it shook the entire village. The constable took to his heels; Mr. Rich took to his heels; mothers and fathers grabbed their children by their arms and fled! Jack looked at them in surprise for a





moment, and then laughed heartily. He had become so used to the noises of the jungle he had forgotten for a moment how terrifying they were to unfamiliar ears.

Mr. Rich, fearing his legs could not carry him fast enough, ran for the flag pole and made a ludicrous effort to climb up. Jack watched him scrambling and slipping, and then walked quietly over to the foot of the pole, followed by the animals. Each time Mr. Rich looked around and saw the beasts coming, he redoubled his efforts. He was a much-frightened man.



"Take them away, take them away," he yelled at the top of his voice.

An elephant coiled his trunk around the pole just beneath Mr. Rich's feet, and shook it until poor Mr. Rich thought it would snap in two. He was frantic with fear.

While he shouted for mercy, a sudden impulse seized Jack. The animals surrounded him on every side. The villagers, hiding in their houses and behind barns, were unable to see him. So Jack deliberately took an arrow from his quiver, placed it carefully against the bow string, and shot Mr. Rich!

The effect was instantaneous. The old man slid down the pole and looked about with a strange expression. He had been so frightened he had failed to notice the touch of the heart-tipped shaft on his arm, and even now failed to understand the unaccustomed feeling that had come over him;

for the dart had changed him from an irritable, stingy-hearted old tyrant to a kind and generous man.

"Jack, my boy," said he, wiping his brow, "you know I didn't mean what I said a while ago. I guess I'm just a disagreeable old man. I don't believe these animals are one bit dangerous," he added.

"No," said Jack, "they wouldn't hurt anybody. You won't let them take my animals away, will you, Mr. Rich?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Rich. "Not while my name is Hiram Rich."

And then he scratched his head meditatively. "I don't know where you got them, or how they came here, but tell me, Jack, what do you intend to do with all these beasts?"

"I—I—want a circus," Jack blurted out.

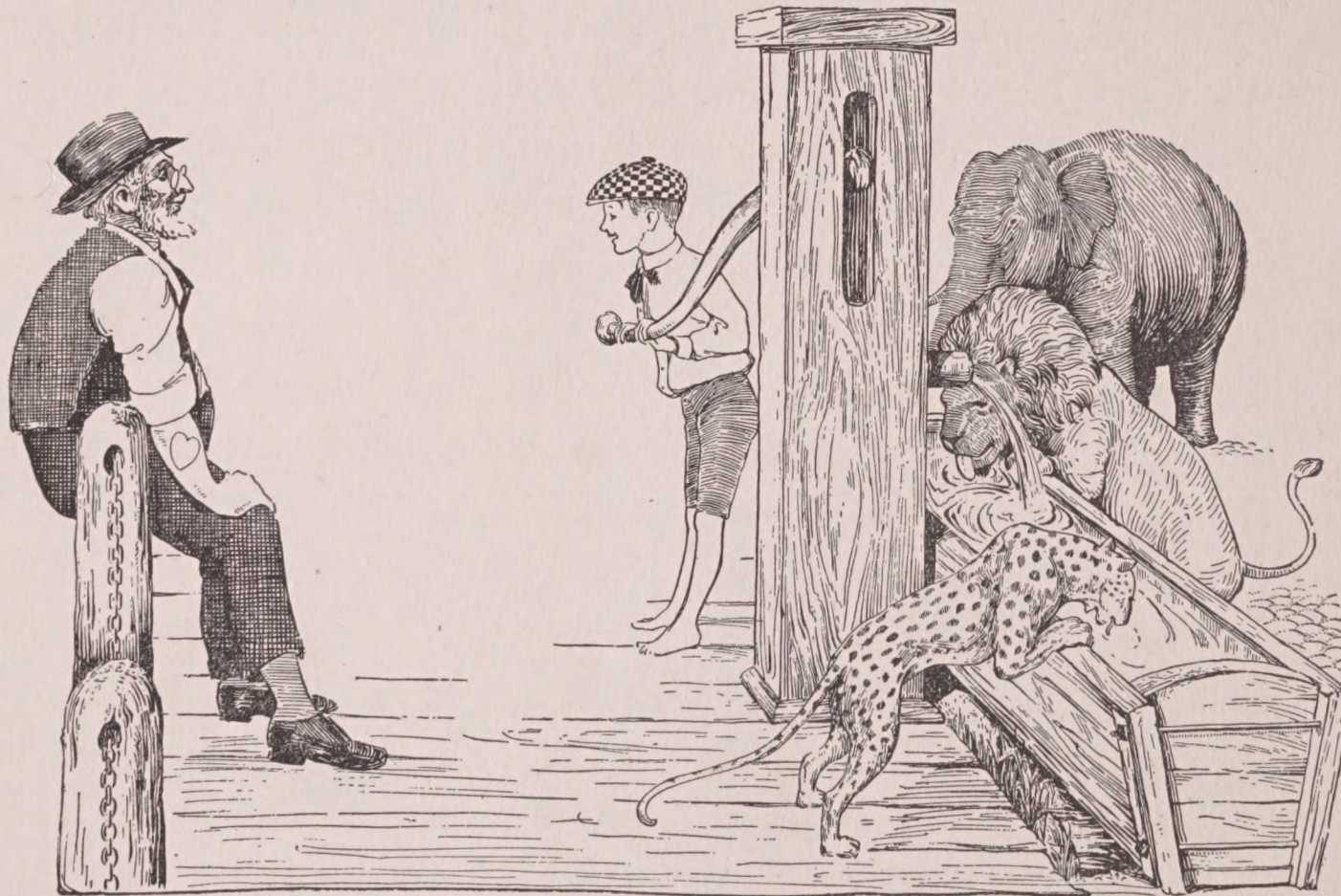
"A circus!" exclaimed Mr. Rich.

"Yes," said Jack, "a circus, a big circus



with wonderful performing animals—all the animals in the world—lions, and tigers, and elephants, and everything, and—and

“You shall have it! You shall have it!” burst out Mr. Rich, “*And I’ll help you!* And we’ll have a great big tent, and



“We’ll get together the finest circus that ever was—Jack Jingling’s Mammoth Menagerie!”

all the children everywhere could walk right in the big tent without having to have any ticket or anything!”

big red wagons decorated with gold,—”  
“And flags!” interrupted Jack.  
“And flags!” echoed Mr. Rich.



“What ye goin’ to do with them animals?” shouted a feeble voice from a second-story window.

“These animals belong to Jack Jingling, and you don’t need to bother your head about them,” retorted Mr. Rich.

“Come, Jack, you bring them over to my place. There’s lot of room—more barn space, too, than I need. Don’t know what I want with such a big place, anyway,” said Mr. Rich. “We’ll get together the finest circus that ever was,” he went

on. “Jack Jingling’s Mammoth Menagerie! The world’s greatest exhibition of trained animals! Free admission to boys and girls! Why, Jack, I feel like a boy again myself!”

When they had turned the animals into the big, grassy pasture behind the big white house, and Jack was leaving to go home, Mr. Rich called him back.

“Here’s something that belongs to you,” he said, and slipped into Jack’s hand a bright, shining half dollar.













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